



# Mr. Psychic

*Diwakar kadam*

Dedicated to the less gifted children of God

# Mr. P s y c h i c

Written by

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## Preamble

There are over 6 billion people on our planet. We have not grown to such numbers by chance alone, we owe this largely to Nature. It gives every species a set of traits; traits which allow it survive. Sometimes, these traits yield unexpected anomalies. Certain members inherit qualities by law of natural selection which make them unique. Most of them are aware of these special abilities. But not everyone of them, not Mr. Psychic.

## Scene 01:

**Day 1**  
**7:30 A.M.**

Rays of the morning sun spread across the room through the open balcony door. The young man who occupied the room was fast asleep on his bed. His passion for engineering subjects spoke for itself in the form of text books on his study table. Among them was also an alarm clock, ticking away to its daily moment of glory.

'Beep Beep... Beep Beep... Beep Beep...,' the alarm burst into its high ringing mode.

Arun opened his sleepy eyes and stared at the alarm clock. He stared at it for a second longer.

'Beep Beep... Beop Beop... Beoop Beoop...Beoooooooo,' the clock's tone went damp all of a sudden as if it were whimpering in the presence of its master.

Arun got up from his bed and lifted the alarm clock. He rubbed his eyes and put on his glasses. He shook the alarm clock and gave it a bang from the top. To his surprise, it had stopped working completely. "This alarm clock is a piece of junk...second pair of cells in a month," he murmured. Following this, he went to the balcony of his room. The morning air was clean. "No cold," he said to himself as took a deep breath. The year long cold he would usually have was absent. It was a kind of a relief for someone like him.

He soon washed his face and went to the dining table. A glass of warm milk awaited him. His brother was still fast asleep, and his father seemed to have left early for work. His mother was, however, busy in the kitchen preparing breakfast for the family.

"Arun... are you going out today?" His mother asked.

"Yeah Mom, Mahesh and me are going for an early movie. We will roam around a bit before that," Arun replied.

"So, will you be having lunch outside?" she asked.

"Yeah... May be we will grab a pizza or a burger...," he answered. At that instant, his brother Akhil walked in and sat across the dining table giving him a smile.

"What are you smiling at? By the way, Did you use the cells from my alarm clock for your Walkman again?" Arun interrogated.

"What? I swear I didn't...Ma look Arun is ...," His brother replied.

"What is the noise?" their mother asked.

"Nothing Ma...nothing," Arun replied. He leaned forward and tried to hit the back of his brother's head gently. At this instant, Akhil moved his head away. As Arun rested back on his chair, his brother grabbed the newspaper nearby and swung it at Arun. Being at quite a distance, Arun did not even move an inch. However, the edge of the newspaper touched the glass of milk placed close to the end of the table. Upon impact, the glass tilted towards Arun. It seemed for a second that the glass would fall off the table. Arun stared at it with shock. "No," he uttered. The glass of milk quietly went back to its original position. The brothers looked at it with amazement.

### **9:30 A.M.**

Arun grabbed the keys of his bike and walked over to the sofa in the hall. As he tied his shoes, he caught a glimpse of the headlines of the newspaper. It was the usual. An unpredictable weather, a war over there, an election over here, a new Hollywood couple and another Bollywood awards ceremony. He was just about to leave, when his mother called him. "Arun... clean up your room today, there are so many things lying around. "

"Not now Mom, I have to leave," Arun grumbled.

"Do it in the evening. There are a lot of things that are lying on the table. Put them back in the shelf, or, the table drawers," she said and continued. "I wanted to clean it yesterday. But, I could not open one of the drawers of your table to keep the items."

"No no, I will do it myself. That drawer, the third one in my table, that has been stuck for ages."

"Shall I get it fixed today?" she asked.

"No Mom, I will take care of it. Right now, I need to hurry," Arun said.

## **Scene 02:**

### **10:00 A.M.**

Arun's friend, Mahesh, waited for him in a coffee shop. He sipped hot chocolate slowly as he flipped through the pages of a book in his hand. Arun walked in and said as he sat down, "I can't believe it, you are reading a book !"

Mahesh sipped again and then replied, "Ah, the man with the jerkin and helmet finally arrives. Why do you always wear them? It looks like you are prepared for a storm."

Arun smiled, "I have a sensitive nose, my friend. A year round cold teaches you a lot of things."

"Like what for instance?"

"If I eat cold items, or, get wet, the cold gets worse. And then, I end up with a migraine. And I hate migraine."

Mahesh gave a blank look and said, "So you wear a jerkin to avoid a headache, I really pity you."

"What's with the book?" Arun asked.

He replied, "I am just reading this book out of curiosity. I didn't buy it. At least, I didn't intend to," Arun looked puzzled on hearing this.

Mahesh explained, "I had been to a book store yesterday to buy a few books for my sister. Looks like, they packed the wrong book," Saying this he handed it to Arun.

"The Unexplainable," Arun read its title as he held it in his hand. "What is it about?" he asked.

"The usual," Mahesh said. "All about mysterious things and the paranormal, the hogwash stuff people WANT to believe in."

"Sounds interesting." Arun said with sarcasm, "so did you learn how to levitate?"

"Well, at least it isn't boring," Mahesh added. "I like the chapter on ESP, Extra Sensory Perception, there is a photo of a man who can bend spoons at a distance of ten feet without touching them."

Arun started laughing, "Hmmm... , sounds like he has something against spoons."

Mahesh joined the laugh.

A few minutes later, Arun was sipping hot coffee watching his friend finish a sandwich. Mahesh continued glancing through the book now and then. Arun said, "Admit it, you like the book."

Mahesh replied with a nod, "I think I will keep it." Saying this he closed the book. "I got the tickets," Mahesh mentioned, "The show is at 3 PM."

Arun stopped sipping in shock, "It is 10:30 now ! I thought you were getting the tickets for the noon show. You want us to roam till 3 PM ? "

Mahesh justified, "Come on, it's a good movie, worth the wait. We will find something to spend our time. Hey ! you never complained when Rithika and you spent hours in the Mall."

On hearing this, Arun went silent all of a sudden.

"I am sorry man, I didn't mean to ... " Mahesh apologized.

"It's OK," Arun said politely. "I think she has forgotten me. It has been over three months since she went for her so called training."

He continued, "I did not expect that she would stop responding to my calls and my mails. Initially, I feared for her. But, when I learnt that she had quit her office, that too without letting me know, it disappointed me."

"Did you speak to her friends?" Mahesh asked.

"I only knew her friends, I was not acquainted with any one of them. I still remember, we had an argument a week before she left. I was very angry with her for eating too much junk food. I told her it would make her sick someday. But, she would not listen. Then we had a small argument. I wanted to make up by gifting her flowers. But then, she left in a hurry. She managed to speak to me on the phone before that." Arun sighed in sadness, "She cried on the phone when she heard about the flowers."

"Cheer up pal, sometimes we can't help things that happen," Mahesh said. Arun was looking at him with a blank expression for a moment.

A second later Mahesh realized that Arun was actually looking at a girl seated alone on a table far behind him. She was looking at the menu card when Arun murmured, "Maybe not." He walked up to the girl and said, "You are Rithika's roommate, aren't you? I mean you were ... Do you know where she is ?"

The girl looked a bit tensed, "You are Arun, right?"

Arun nodded. She said in a soft tone "Please sit down." Mahesh joined Arun on the table.

"Where is she? She hasn't called or mailed in months," Arun asked.

"Arun, Please don't mistake her, I wanted to inform you. But, Rithika promised me not to. She is not at fault ...," she said putting her head down.

"What is it?" Arun questioned.

The girl lifted her head with tearful eyes, "She has cancer." Saying this, she began weeping.

Mahesh tried to console the girl, as he looked at his friend. Arun was in a state of shock, his expressionless face hiding all his pain. He looked at the girl and asked her, "She is still in Bangalore, Isn't she?" The girl nodded.

"Tell me where she is," he said.

## Scene 03:

**11:30 A.M.**

Joined by Mahesh, Arun climbed the stairs to the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor of the hospital. They walked to the third ward to their left. A doctor, no younger than Arun himself, was speaking to a nurse at the door. They waited for the doctor to leave. A second later, the doctor looked at Arun. "Yes ?" he asked. Mahesh answered, "We are here to see a friend of ours."

"You will have to wait. Please be seated," the Doctor said.

The duo sat on the white wooden bench away from the ward. Mahesh had the book in his hand, he glanced at the cover and kept it aside. He patted Arun on his back and said, "Don't worry."

Arun recollected as he stared into the pattern of the floor tiles, "Did I ever tell you how I met her?"

"No. You never told me about it," Mahesh replied.

"We were at these coaching classes, and she used to come in the same batch as me. Once, as we were leaving, I noticed her walking towards her scooter. I had always wanted to speak to her, but never had had a chance. That day, I wished to speak to her. I thought she would ride away in a few seconds. To my surprise, her scooter did not start. Her friends tried to help, but they just could not start it. I went up to her and offered to help," Arun sighed.

Mahesh looked at him with patience.

Arun added, "I don't know how, but I managed to start it. It was a strange way of things to fall in place. We began to speak to each other often after that." At this instance, the Doctor approached them.

"Hi, I am Dr. Arvindh, You are here to meet Rithika?" the Doctor asked. The question was answered with soft nod from Arun who then asked, "Is she ok? Will she recover?"

The Doctor then asked, "Which one of you is Arun?"

Arun was surprised to hear his name as he nodded. The Doctor looked at Mahesh, "Can I speak with him in private?" Mahesh politely agreed and got up. He walked towards the stairs and waited there. The Doctor sat beside Arun and gripped his stethoscope tight.

The Doctor said, "You may be surprised that I know your name. I happen to speak to my patients about their lives. It helps them keep up their spirits. And, Rithika mentions you quite often."

Arun asked, "I just heard that she has cancer. Can it be cured? "

"I will not lie to you. The medicines will not work if she has no interest in the cure. She remains depressed most of the time. She seems to have given up. The cancer is taking its toll. She is dying slowly, every second ...", the Doctor said.

Arun found the fact hard to swallow. The Doctor continued, " ...She does look fine from the outside. But on the inside, her body is beginning to show signs of weakness. We are trying our best. Right now, she needs support. "

"Can I meet her? Please ..." Arun asked.

The Doctor said, "Sometimes, our strengths lie in other people. I hope she finds hers in you." Saying this he got up and walked away.

Mahesh came back to Arun while finishing his conversation on his mobile phone. "Can we meet her?"

"I want to speak to her alone for a few minutes," Arun replied.

"It is Ok, buddy. I understand. I will catch you later. Take care," Saying this Mahesh left.

Few seconds later, Arun walked into the ward. Every step he took seemed longer than the one before. He looked at her as pain filled his heart. She was speechless for a moment on seeing him .

Arun started the conversation with a gentle voice, "All these days, I thought you had forgotten me. You should have told me about it."

"I was afraid," she said.

"Of what?" he asked softly.

"That the sickness would make you sad. Or, that you might end our relationship. I did not want that to happen," she replied.

"I would not have done that silly, just as I will not do it now, or ever," saying this Arun walked further.

Rithika immediately said, "Please don't come any closer, I am very sick. I beg you."

He stood still, "You care so much about others, why did God have to do this to you?"

"I thought about that too. But I guess, I will know soon," she said smilingly. Tears rolled down her cheeks. "It also kept me thinking about all the good things in my life, sometimes you end up appreciating things pretty late."

She looked at the clouds through the window and told him, "I used to hate the rains in Bangalore. But now, I wish I could go out and dance in these rains." She continued recalling Mork and Mindy, her favourite TV sitcom, "Mindy once said that there is one advantage in getting wet..."

Arun looked at her inquisitively. She added, " ... it hides your tears."

"I don't want you to cry, I want to see you smile. I want to see that face that brought a smile to me no matter what," he said.

She wiped her tears, and said in a heavy voice. "I am sorry. And I am really sorry about what I did."

"I am not asking for your that, I only want the old Rithika back." Saying this, Arun looked at her pale face for an answer. And then, they shared a smile.



## Scene 04:

**12:00 P.M.**

Never had he expected to be in this situation. Depressed, he walked the corridors of the hospital. In the deepest of his heart, he felt his soul crying, praying and angry at the same time. He felt his throat becoming harder to control. He wanted to cry, and he wanted to cry out loud.

He sat down on the wooden bench for a moment. He took slow and deep breaths, trying to control his mixed emotions which he had so carefully avoided expressing in front of Rithika. He put his head down, covering his eyes with his palms. Soon, his hands became moist with tears. He looked up and rubbed his eyes. His felt his eyes and nose become wet again. As he put his hand in his pocket to grab a handkerchief, he noticed that Mahesh had forgotten his book on the bench. He picked it up and glanced at the cover. He looked at the back of the book. There was an excerpt printed on the back from the book. It read, "Now and then, we come across people who have a special gift. They cannot explain it, and neither can Science. And we... cannot deny it." Reading this, he got up and began to walk down the stairs.

The clouds thundered as he stepped down. He did not pay attention to the sound. He was thinking about what Rithika had said a few minutes ago. "That you might end our relationship. I did not want that to happen." He would never do that, he promised himself. He kept thinking about her and ignored the events outside. The rain had started to lash on the front porch of the hospital. Arun continued walking through the reception area recollecting Rithika, "I was afraid." "No," he said to himself. His emotions, he could not keep to himself.

He was so engrossed thinking about their conversation that he forgot to zip up his jerkin as he stepped down the stairs of the front porch. The rain had become stronger. But Arun ignored all of its presence. He beat his eyelids more often as they went moist with tears again. Her words repeated in his head, "Please don't come any closer, I am very sick."

He walked into the rain without paying attention to it. His bike was parked against the wall to the right of the porch in the open area. He continued walking straight to it, ignoring the things happening around him. The next few seconds would change his life, and yet he knew nothing of the things to come.

Her words were so full of life and yet she had so less of it, he thought. Her words crossed his mind again. "I wish I could go out and dance in these rains... it hides your tears." "How true," he thought. It does hide your tears, he had been crying and he was in the rain. He lifted his arm to wipe his tears. And then it occurred to him. What he saw sent a chill down his spine. It was impossible, how could it be possible? He thought.

He stared at his palm. It was dry. He stared at his other wrist holding the book, it was dry too. He stared at them, he then took a few seconds and looked at his jerkin. Only then did he realize, that he was not wet. And yet, he was standing in the middle of the rain in the open area.

He put his hand, with his fingers spread wide, into the rain. Not only did his hands remain completely dry, he observed that the raindrops actually avoided him. Like an electron being deflected off charged metallic plates, they just seemed to bounce a few inches away from him. Even the book he was holding, was dry. He looked at his reflection on the tinted window of a vehicle nearby. His outline was marked by the rain drops that directly bounced off him. He had never seen such a thing in his life. It was like being a figure in the dark with a silhouette, except that all the darkness was actually rain, and the silhouette was just plain empty space.

## Scene 05:

**8:00 P.M.**

It had been eight hours since the incident, and he could still not believe it. He then remembered Rithika. This made him forget about the incident for a while. He sat in his room quietly arranging the books on his table. He took a short break and stared into empty space recollecting the incident. He pulled out a pair of cells from a packet and replaced the old ones in his alarm clock.

Akhil walked into the room and said, "Mom is calling for dinner." He looked at his worried brother and asked, "You OK?"

"Yeah, I am fine. Give me a few seconds," Arun said. To which Akhil replied, "Quick, you are going to miss the last overs of the match," to which Arun nodded.

As his brother left the room, he sat down at his table and tried to pulled open the drawers. Following this, he started placing the items on his table into them. The third drawer did not open. No matter how hard he tried, he could not open it. He gave it a cold stare and tried again. This time around, it opened. Was his psychic powers at work again? He noticed the drawer was full of memorabilia including gifts from Rithika, greeting cards and his personal diary in which he seldom wrote. He shut the drawer close leaving it undisturbed. The rain incident flashed in his mind momentarily. Did he really have psychic powers that somehow prevented the rain drops from making him wet? He wanted to test the theory.

He looked at the remaining books on the table. He thought, maybe he could test it by trying to move the books without lifting them. He stared at the books and said, "Come on, move." The books remained stationary. He turned away for a moment and looked at them. He gave it another try. This time, he closed his eyes and tried to focus.

He slowly opened his eyes, and looked at the books. This time he did not try very hard. He just murmured calmly, "Rise." The books did not move, neither did Arun. A second later, one of the books slowly began to float above the table. He slowly raised his head, the book maintained its relative position to his eyes. He then rotated it in mid air by just thinking about it. Then turned his head towards the book shelf as the book floated around in a radial path. He then effortlessly placed the book within the shelf. He briefly closed his eyes and opened them again.

"Was there more to it? What more could I do?" He thought as the alarm clock ticked away with a pair of new cells.

## Scene 06:

**Day 2  
6:30 A.M.**

Daybreak was as usual. It was nothing different from yesterday.

'Beep Beep... Beep Beep... Beep Beep...,' the alarm burst into its high ringing mode.

Arun got up from his bed and turned the alarm clock off. He looked at his neatly arranged bookshelf and a clear table. He walked towards the bathroom. At the command of his hand, the door opened effortlessly.

A few minutes later, he was getting dressed in front of the mirror. He looked at the reflection of his bookshelf. Something caught his eye. He turned around and picked a book out it using his hand. It was Mahesh's book. It had got mixed up with his books and had ended up in the shelf. He flipped through the pages and looked at the chapter titled ESP. He read the wordings quietly to himself. "Extra Sensory Perception ... in 1921, ....". He ran his fingers through the pages of the

book. He stopped at a line, "Although most subjects are known to be able to predict the future, many have unexplainable abilities ranging from controlling objects at will to healing sick people." He sat down on his bed and repeated the line, "...healing sick people." He knew what he had to do.

## Scene 07:

**11:00 A.M.**

Every second Arun felt a sense of gratitude to the God he worshiped. What were the chances of anyone realizing such a gift to save his loved one? He had this for a purpose. With this thought in mind, he entered the hospital carrying a bag of fruits.

On entering Rithika's ward, he found her sound asleep. He walked slowly towards her ensuring that his footsteps would not wake her up. He knew, If she were awake, there was no way of coming this close. He forgot all about the bag of fruits he was holding. He looked at her pale face and closed his eyes. He slowly opened them and looked at her again. He maintained his focus the same way he did for the books. A few seconds later, he closed his eyes again for a moment. He then gently kept the bag of fruits beside Rithika's bed, and slowly walked towards the exit.

Dr. Arvinth met him in the hallway just as he stepped outside the ward. He smiled at Arun, "I must say, I am glad to see you again."

Arun looked at the Doctor inquisitively. The Doctor continued, "She smiled yesterday. And I could tell that she was not faking it." The Doctor patted on Arun's back and said as he walked away, "Visit her often, you might just cure her."

Arun smiled and said to himself, "I just did." He then decided to go back.

## Scene 08:

**11:30 A.M.**

Visiting Rithika had brought back a few memories. He sat at a distance from her, reading a magazine. He knew she would get up within the next half an hour for her lunch. The attending nurse came in. It was time for Rithika's dosage before lunch. Rithika got up and was happy to see Arun.

The attending nurse said, "You have to leave Sir, visiting time is over." Arun asked for five minutes.

Arun kept down the magazine and smiled at her. "How do you feel?"

Rithika replied with a radiating smile "I actually feel quite good. I guess I had a good sleep."

Arun shook his head, "Glad to hear that."

The nurse held Rithika's arm for her pulse as she simultaneously persuaded her to keep the thermometer in the mouth. The nurse then made Rithika gulp a few tablets. The nurse asked her, "You had a inflammation behind your neck, I don't see it. I am sure you had it yesterday."

"Of course I have it." Saying this, Rithika reached for the spot behind her neck. The girl's facial expression changed instantly. She looked at the nurse, and then looked at Arun. It was an expression he had never witnessed but he knew he could explain it.

## Scene 09:

**8:00 P.M.**

It seemed boring to Arun to surf the channels of the TV. Occasionally, he would switch channels without using the remote. He wondered what else he could do with his powers. He stopped as soon as he heard Akhil entering the house.

"Mom, I need some water," Akhil said as he untied his shoes. "Cold water," he added.

His mother kept a glass of it on the table and went back to preparing the dinner. Arun said, "Me too". His mother turned back from the kitchen, "I don't want to give you cold water. Don't you know better, you catch cold too often."

"But Mom, I think I should stop worrying about it. I need to develop some resistance," Arun said. Saying this he poured some cold water into a glass. His mother shook her head in disagreement. In his mind, he made a simple wish, "Let the cold water not affect me."

His mother said, "Kids these days, they do not want to listen to any advice."

## Scene 10:

**10:00 P.M.**

Since long he had been troubled by cold and migraine. There was nothing the Doctors could do. There was only a strict advice. He recollected his doctor saying it, "Avoid eating cold items. Don't drink cold water. Dry yourself well if you get wet in the rain. In fact, avoid getting wet." An hour had passed since he had had cold water. In usual circumstances, he would have sneezed the very next moment. But, It was all fine. He felt relieved.

He lifted the day's newspaper which he had missed reading in the morning. He flipped through the pages of the tabloid and stopped at the fourth page. He noticed the big article in the top half of the page, "Unpredictable weather leaves farmers with no hope." He continued to read it. According to the report, though it had been raining in some parts of the Deccan plateau, several parts of the country were not receiving rain. The Monsoons had been delayed and the level of the water table in many areas was decreasing. The meteorological department explained the situation in the article with the prevailing wind conditions. They had predicted that the weather would worsen leading to a high rise in temperature and with the destruction of many crops.

Arun intertwined his fingers keeping his elbow on the table. He placed his chin on his palms and wondered. Was it possible ? Of course, he knew he could control many things. But, could he control anything ? And by 'anything' he meant something as big as the weather. The experience in the rain was proof enough. It was powerful enough to keep rain from touching him, he thought. He closed his eyes and opened it. He stared at the article with the same focus he now felt trained in. "Let it rain," he thought. He closed his eyes and opened them again.

## Scene 11:

**Day 3  
7:30 A.M.**

He was standing on the terrace. The sun was bright and the air was clean. The sky was clear blue. It was going to be a day to remember, he thought. And, then he looked down on the ground. There was water everywhere. And nothing else in view.

'Beep Beep... Beep Beep... Beep Beep..., ' the alarm burst into its high ringing mode.

Arun got up in his bed shocked by the dream. He gasped, he turned around and he looked at the alarm clock with dreamy eyes.

'Beep Beep... Beep Beep... Beep Beep..., ' the alarm continued to ring.

He stared at it for a second longer. He wanted to use his powers to stop it.

'Beep Beep... Beop Beop... Beoop Beoop...Beooooooooo,' the alarm clock sounded as it went damp.

Minutes later at the breakfast table, he picked up the newspaper. His was shocked on reading the headlines. There had been a string of floods due to continuous rains in large parts of the country. The paper even mentioned the highest ever recorded rainfall in seven states. Several cities and towns were facing a crisis as water had entered many homes. Transportation was hit as roads were under water. "Oh my God, What have I done?" he thought.

He quickly flipped the pages to the fourth page. Instead of the news about elated farmers, he found articles about the damages to several crops. It had been a disaster. He recollected the dream he had experienced early morning. He thought, "Oh no. No." He closed his eyes and wished for things to become normal.

Akhil stared at him from the other end of the table.

## **Scene 12:**

**4:20 P.M.**

As soon as he entered her ward with a bouquet of white roses, Rithika gave him a jubilant smile. She said, "You might not believe this." Arun knew that she had realized something about her illness, but the bad weather incident lingered in the back of his mind. He thought, "Had he no control of his powers?"

As he expected, she explained about the nurse bringing in the doctor after his visit the day before. Just then Dr. Arvindh came in with a report in his hand. He looked at Rithika and said, "I can't believe it, but all initial tests are negative. You don't seem to have any signs of illness." the Doctor shook his head in disbelief. He looked at Arun and said, "You know, We doctors need to be rational when it comes to the health of our patients. But sometimes, we too have to believe that miracles can happen."

Arun was now expressing his happiness with a smile. Happiness that he had withheld for a day. He completely forgot about the wrong weather he had created earlier. The Doctor continued looking at Rithika, "I am going to keep you for another two weeks for observation. It's for your own good. Is that OK?" She nodded. Then the Doctor murmured, "Excuse me, I now have to give the same news to the rest."

Arun looked at the Doctor with a puzzled face, "to the rest ?" he asked.

The doctor said, "Yes, the rest... six more patients in the very same floor seem to have recovered from their illness. I am glad about it, but my problem is that the Doctor in me can't explain it."

"My God...", Arun said. A drop of cold sweat made its way behind Arun's ear. He felt his throat go dry for a moment. He realized that things were happening beyond his control. He was happy that he had healed a few more people, but he was worried.

The Doctor added, "That's exactly what I said when I first learnt about it." The Doctor then left the room.

Rithika noticed that Arun had become silent all of a sudden. He had been happy a minute ago on hearing the Doctor. She asked him, "Arun. Are you Ok?"

He nodded.

"Don't lie Arun, I can sense it. What is it?" she asked again.

Arun had been staring into emptiness, he then turned to face her. "I have something to tell you."

## Scene 13:

**4:30 P.M.**

Rithika shook her head in disbelief. She said, "You are trying to pull joke on me. Isn't it?"

Arun said, "I am not joking. Look" He picked one of the flowers from the bouquet and ran his hand over it. Its colour changed from white to blue.

"A blue rose?" Rithika said in astonishment. She had seen it in a shade of white a few seconds ago. "How did you do that?"

"Believe me," he said. "I am not playing a prank."

She sat down on her bed and stared at the rose. She then stared at the bouquet behind Arun. She continued staring. "Did you do that too?"

He turned around only to find the rest of the flowers slowly turning blue. He looked back and said in a cold voice, "You see, I have a problem. I cannot seem to control my powers."

She heard the incident about the weather going bad. She then looked at him and said, "You have a gift, Arun. You can do wonders with it, just like how you cured me... and the rest of the people. You can make this world a better place to live."

He then said, "Not if I cannot control it. Not if I can bring harm by a single wish. Not if I can indirectly cause pain to the people around me."

Her eyebrows came closer, "You are not telling me something. What is it that is bothering you?"

"You remember the time we met three months ago. We had an argument. Do you remember? I was very angry with you," Arun asked her.

Rithika tried to recollect. Then the words came to her mind. "You were fighting with me for eating too much junk food. You said it would make me sick." Her eyebrows now appeared relaxed, but the expression on her face was that of grief. "You think you might have unknowingly wished the cancer on me," Arun shook his head slowly in agreement. He sat down on the chair beside the bed. "What do I do now?" he said.

Five minutes later, Rithika was looking at a worried Arun. The room had fallen silent. A few more minutes passed. She knew Arun well, she knew he would come to decision.

Arun looked at her and said with reaffirmation, "I want to get out of this mess, but I don't know how. I just want to get out of this."

He looked at her as she replied, "Arun, so far you wished what you wanted to wish. Can you do me a favor? Can you once wish for me?"

Arun looked at her and asked, "What is your wish?"

She said, "I want you to wish it away."

## Scene 14:

**10:00 P.M.**

Mixed feelings ran through Arun's mind as he watched the alarm clock ticking. He tried wishing away his powers, but it did not seem to work. Was he not able to focus, or, was it not possible? Could he really wish it away? Could he bring back the normal life he had earlier? What if he could not wish it away? Or worse, what if he managed to wish it away and since he had no control of it, also cause some of the wishes to be undone? What if he lost Rithika?

Akhil came in to his room and asked, "Bro', have you seen my Walkman?"

Arun replied, "No". Akhil then added, "I can't understand how I keep forgetting where I keep my stuff." Saying this, he left. His words lasted in Arun's thoughts for a small fraction of time and vanished. A fraction later, it sounded in his head again. Arun repeated a word from it, "forget."

That was it. If wishing it away did not work, he had a way out. All he had to do was to wish that he and Rithika were to forget all knowledge about his powers. And things would be fine.

He removed his diary and started putting down a few words into it. He wanted to put down his experience.

"Arun, You might be surprised that I am addressing myself. But the matter of the fact is, I am a bit more different than the Arun I am addressing. I have realized in the past few days that I have a special power. Power that allow me to control the world around me. But, there is also a problem associated with this gift. I cannot seem to control it. If I wish anything, a lot more happens than what I expect."

He described the entire episode and wrote down that he was about to wish the memories of his power into oblivion. He kept his pen down briefly. The pen rolled away to the edge of the diary and placed itself over the table. Just as he was about to lift the pen, the page of his diary unfurled automatically, placing it to a date about four months old. He was just about to flip the page, when it occurred to him that he did not recollect writing that page. He turned to that page. What he read shocked him.

"Arun, You might be surprised that I am addressing myself. ..."

It sent a chill down his spine. He flipped few more pages. There was another such entry a few more months ahead. He realized that this cycle had been going on. He continued reading the entries.

"I do not know how or why you have this power. But I know what prevents you from using your powers." This interested Arun.

"The answer is Common Cold. For some reason, whenever you suffer from cold, your special abilities tend to disappear. So far, I have not been able to figure out the reason. I suspect that common cold, directly or indirectly, disturbs that part of your brain that makes you capable of these powers."

He read further on as he could not believe it. As it had been explained, the only way out was to wish that he forget about its existence. Not just him but anyone who had knowledge of this. Additionally, he had to wish prolonging cold upon himself. This would prevent him from using his powers again and realizing them.

Arun closed the dairy. He stood in front of the mirror looking at himself. "Should I or Should I not?" he thought. He closed his eyes momentarily. Images of Rithika flashed in his thoughts. He recollected her saying, "I want you to wish it away." He opened his eyes, and looked at his reflection in the mirror. He knew what he had to do.

## Scene 15:

**Day 04**  
**7:29 A.M.**

Arun was fast asleep on his bed.

'Beep Beep... Beep Beep... Beep Beep...,' the alarm burst into its high ringing mode. He opened his sleepy eyes, and stared at the alarm clock.

'Beep Beep... Beep Beep... Beep Beep...,' the alarm continued to ring. He stared at it for a second longer.

'Beep Beep... Beop Beop... Beoop Beoop...Beoooooooo,' the alarm sounded as it went damp.

----- **END OF STORY** -----

### Ending Note:

A few people have asked me "what motivated you to write this story?"  
I have three simple reasons.

1. Science fiction and paranormal stories interest me. The routine stuff is good, but sometimes the weird and the surprising are much better.
2. I like to write. Writing stories is as much fun as writing a good program. So, I chose to write stories in my free time.
3. Being a software engineer has not helped me sharpen my writing skills. Just ask me to write a full sentence, and it will sound like text from an electronic chat. I needed to find a way to refresh my writing skills.

### For more information:

Please feel free to contact me at [anup\\_kadam<at>yahoo.com](mailto:anup_kadam@yahoo.com) ,or, [anup.kadam<at>gmail.com](mailto:anup.kadam@gmail.com) .

### Forthcoming title:

For those who would like to know what I am currently working on.

## FRACTION

What if there was an undiscovered mathematical equation? An equation to explain everything. A science fiction thriller about the wonderful world of fractals and immersive graphics with me in the narrative lead.

### Preamble of FRACTION

Ever stood close to the TV and stared at the small dots on the screens? From far they reveal a beautiful picture. At a small proximity, they have no meaning. You can only observe an illusion of similar coloured dots moving around in a random fashion. A few more minutes later, it does not look random anymore. In fact, you start believing that there is a pattern. And a pattern is what exists in everything around us. Right from a pile of sand to the leaves of the tallest trees in the world, there is always a pattern. These patterns are often self repeating. Some of them are so closely repeated that the pattern is not obvious. We often mistake these for objects lacking any pattern. Rising from influences of fractional dimensions, these patterns define the very intricate design of Nature. These patterns have been scientifically termed as Fractals.

Next time you pick up a leaf, take some time to observe the splitting veins. It will not be different from the TV experience.